



Some Days



13 0 2

Chapter 1 by Megan

Oh no. How did I manage to let this happen, again?

The tiny people on the level of the lookout below mine are all preoccupied with their cameras and the panoramic view of the mountains and valleys. They all appear like ants from this bird's-eye-view position, scurrying about their business. None of them have noticed me, observing from 50 metres above their heads.

I look down at my sneakered feet, currently on the edge of a rock jutting out from the lookout's top level. I had to climb over the wire safety fence to reach it. I didn't really know what I was doing as I did this; it was as if my cruise control option had accidentally been switched on. I toe some moss that grows on the edge of the rock, and swallow nervously.

I have always had this problem; it's as if my brain wasn't hardwired quite correctly. You know when you find yourself in a dangerous position, such as the one I am in now, when you are standing on a precipice and find yourself considering the insane urge to jump, even though you are well aware of the consequence? Well, that rational part of the brain that stops you from jumping, that quells that urge, is dysfunctional in mine. Multiple times in the past, this has put me in sticky situations.

I really shouldn't be here, I should have been more careful.

But, I can feel that impending adrenaline rush. I can taste the feeling of flying, flinging myself off the edge, and rebelling against my instincts. There's no way to stop it now.

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